

# LOST IN THE ALPS.

1



TRAVELLER (lost in the Alps)—Great heavens! For days I've wandered, penniless and half dead, through these mountains! I will surely perish unless—

2



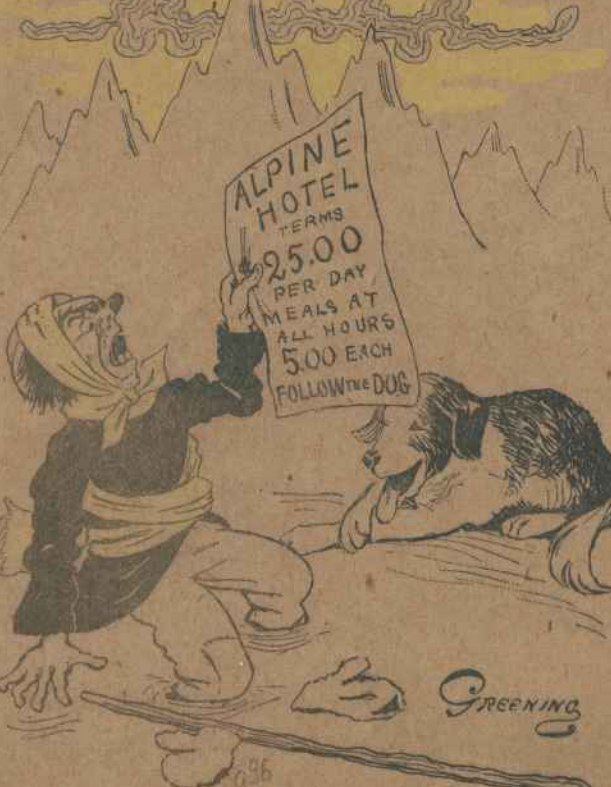
—“Saved! Saved! Yonder comes one of the dogs that the monks send out to rescue lost travellers!”

3



“Noble charity! Noble beast! You're just in time! I suppose this roll contains restoratives!”

4



## A Riddle On Wheels.

“What I admire in a man more than anything else,” she said, as they rode along side by side on their wheels, “is the delicate respect, the punctilious and lofty reverence with which a true gentleman always looks upon a lady. Yes, Sir Galahad is, above all others, my ideal of manhood.”

Presently a swirl of wind wildly fluttered her skirt, and as she quickly hastened to smooth it down over her bicycle hose she cast a quick glance at him.

He had, with true delicacy of feeling, turned his head and was gazing in the opposite direction.

“Hypocrite!” she murmured contemptuously to herself.

### Secrets.

MADGE—I'm miserable.

LULU—Why?

MADGE (absent-mindedly)—Josie Denton told me a secret and—

LULU—Oh, do tell me what it was!

MADGE—That's why I'm miserable, I've forgotten the name of the man who kissed her.

### Sad, but True.

PENELOPE—A fool and his money are soon parted.

TEN BROKE—The difficulty is that there are not fools enough to go around.

## INSULT TO INJURY.



MAN—Here, you! Come back here with that pup!

### More Money in It.

KNOX—I see that since the wave of prosperity struck your town the Daily Howler has been advocating protection.

HOX—Yes; but it is not revenue only.

he waited until the bugle sounded again; then he rushed toward the golden sound.

Was it a call to war?

Not at all. He knew that at last a knife grinder had appeared in the vicinity, and he rushed out to get his carving knife sharpened.

### CRUSHED.

MR. LUDKINS—I've come to you to ask for the heart of your daughter.

MR. PORKINS—Now, honest, young feller, I aint seen it.

### The Only Way.

DYER—Did you ever get back that umbrella you loaned Wyld?

DUELL—Yes; I hired a burglar to break in his house.

## NO LAUGHING MATTER.



### Accounted For.

“Wuff, wuff, wuff!”

This low, murmuring sound broke the stillness of the noontime.

“Wuff, wuff, wuff!”

Again this sound met the keen ears of the stranger. He beckoned to the darkey in the garden.

“Uncle,” he said, “what is that strange noise I hear?—there it goes again. Have you got a dog in there?”

“Dawg?” The old man leaned back and roared with laughter. “Why, dat's my dasther eatin' corn frum de cob!”

### THE TIME.

JACK CARELESS (after a plea of guilty)—By the way, Judge, what time is it?

JUDGE (absently)—Sixty days.

DEACON—I'm sorry to hear you los' yo' wife, but dey say eberything happens fer de bes'.

“Dat aint no joke, deacon; dat aint no joke.”

### A Dramatic Episode.

“You may bend me,” exclaimed she, dramatically, “but it will not break.”

“Are you that highly temper- ed?” he said.

And then she sat down to think it over.

### In Boston.

SHE—I am so sorry—

THE REJECTED LOVER

—I thank you. Perhaps, after all, my experience, though painful, will aid me in my psychological researches.

### Oriental Fistsiana.

(Translated from the original.)

SAM LEE—Is Shub Em training for his fight with Maul Up?

WUN LUNG—Yes, he's hitting the pipe daily.

### His Natural Inference.

MRS. HOON (looking up from her newspaper)—I have just been reading of a pretty widow who has sued a man, who broke two of her ribs

while hugging her, for \$5,000 damages. The wretch ought to have to pay heavily for injuring her so, hadn't he?

OLD HOON—Aw, I don't know! Most likely she is suing him for not breaking the rest of 'em.

### His Definition.

LITTLE HORATIO—Pa, what is a critic? WALKER FAR (the eminent tragedian)—A critic, my son, is an envious person who could not do half so well himself.

### It All Depended.

JIMPSON—Darling, will you share my lot?

MISS SCADDS—It's owing to what part of the city it is located in.

### A Painful Scene.

The conversation had turned upon the Klondyke gold fields, and he wanted to be funny.

Some one said the name wasn't on the map.

“Yu kon the map for a while,” he rejoined, merrily, “and you'll find it.”

“But suppose Yukon't find it?” the other queried, without even the ghost of a smile.

And then the ambulance was sent for.

### Not Exactly a Long Run.

BARRETT IRVING—Did the play have a long run?

MANAGER—No; but the players had a long walk.



“Did yer shove me?”  
“No-o, sir-r-r!”  
“Well, why don't yer?”

## JOURNAL KINETOSCOPE



### THE NEW WAITER OPENING HIS FIRST BOTTLE OF FIZZ.



TAKEN AT THE RATE OF A MILLION A MINUTE